THE

LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

August 1801.

MRS. MARGARET BRYAN.

[With an elegant and striking portrait.]

OF this lady we have at present been able to collect no other particulars, than that she is the governess of a highly respectable boarding-school for young ladies, called Bryan House, on Blackheath, and author of "A Compendious System of Astronomy, in a Course of familiar Lectures; in which the Principles of that Science are clearly elucidated, so as to be intelligible to those who have not studied the Mathematics," &c. which is dedicated to her pupils, and has a beautiful frontispiece prefixed, containing portraits of herself and two of her daughters.

This work, which was originally published in a quarto volume in 1797, and of which a new edition has been recently printed in one elegant volume octavo, has been sanctioned by the approbation of that eminent judge of this branch of literature, Dr. Charles Hutton, Professor of Mathematics in the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich. Indeed, after an attentive perusal, it appears to us to be a concise, perspicuous, and masterly compendium of astronomical knowledge; and the republic of letters must feel

itself under considerable obligations to the brilliant talents of Mrs. Bryan; whose Work we may confidently recommend to those who have the care of the rising generation, as well calculated to call forth into exertion the powers of ripening genius, to fill the mind with vast conceptions, and to inspire the soul with habitual admiration of that consummate Wisdom which ordained all things in measure and number, weight and order, beauty and proportion.

THE OLD WOMAN.

NO. XXXVII.

IT has been the constant theme of the moralist that every thing is subject to change; and short has been the life, or limited the observation, of those who have not seen the maxim verified in its fullest extent. Not only the external appearance of objects vary, but revolutions are constantly taking place in their interior structure. Nature herself is incessantly diversifying her face; and can it be expected that any of her productions should remain unaltered? Indeed, as far as concerns growth and decay, renovation and destruction, it is the law of the Supreme that every thing should run through its progressive stages. The tender flower that is the boast of a single day, and the towering oak that sees ages pass over its unbroken strength, are subject alike to the same final decree. Mankind have their different stages of infancy, adolescence, manhood, and age; and nothing can retard their regular progression, unless the machine should be wholly stopt, and the springs of life dried up, before they reach their natural termination.

All these, however, it may be said, are matters of course, and not under the control of man. But though the human race are carried irresistibly down the stream of time, they certainly possess the power, not indeed of checking

ing its career, but of regulating their own actions during the voyage. They may either employ the space that is allotted them in praiseworthy pursuits, or they may prove the pest of their species. Fortunate it is, that no person can benefit others without deriving either pleasure or profit from it himself; yet, notwithstanding such a strong incentive to benevolent actions, how often do we find that the malignant passions alone are exercised, while every generous impulse is overborne by their weight: it is to the disgrace of human nature that such criminations should be brought against it, and that the warmest advocate for the species can neither refute nor deny their justice. Good and evil, indeed, are intermixed in the natural world, and interwoven with our very frames. In all ages, and in every particular period of existence, we observe pain treading close on the heels of pleasure, and the brightness of virtue tarnished by the dark hue of vice. Scarcely any one is wholly good or wholly depraved; and, as amiable or noxious qualities prevail, the man receives a correspondent character from the voice of impartiality.

But though the line of separation between virtue and vice, between what is right and what is wrong, may be supposed to be sufficiently marked, and that no one can encroach on the barriers of either without being sensible of the position he occupies, and the praise or censure he deserves; so much are mankind swayed by prejudice, blinded by custom, or misled by passion, that virtue and vice are often confounded, and the moral distinction between them lost or overlooked.

At one period, the most estimable virtues have been the object of ridicule; at another, the basest enormities have received a sanction from the prevalence of example and the force of habit. Even in the same individual, an imperceptible change takes place both in sentiment and action. The young see not with the same eyes as the old. The very light in which objects are viewed will give them a different colour: where then is the criterion, it may be

asked, of what is right? Is it to be sought for in the opinion of the world, or in the immutable dictates of Truth? To the latter alone must we refer ever dubious principle of action; and, canvassing motives well, and considering the consequences to which they lead, learn to discriminate and determine.

Conscience, powerful as are its suggestions, is not an infallible guide; it is only a decision according to the principles we have imbibed, and if they are not just, the action must necessarily be wrong. We know there has been persecution for religion, and that the most inhuman cruelties have been exercised under the fallacious mask of doing honour to God. We know that human policy is frequently at war with justice; and that nations are deluged in blood merely to gratify personal pique, or to redress a trivial public wrong; and, to draw the argument closer to private concerns, and apply it to the case of my Fair Readers, we know that even many well-meaning females, hurried down the tide of fashion, and become the victims of prejudice, belie the genuine feelings of the heart, and forego their own happiness rather than be thought singular by persons whose opinions they perhaps tacitly despise.

To what other cause can we ascribe many of their actions? Do we not frequently see them forfeiting that prime blessing, health, by an endless round of insipid diversions, and often involving themselves and families in misery by a tasteless dissipation and inconsiderate expense? Do we not see them occasionally linking their blooming youth to dotard age; not for the sake of enjoying the wealth that this sacrifice may bring them, but solely to gain the power of wasting it in pleasures which the heart abjures? In these respects, however, inconsideration, reinforced by the manners of the age in which they live, may extenuate, if it cannot excuse; but it too frequently happens that conscience must be lulled by the dangerous opiates of prevalent ill-example before they can behave so diametrically opposite

to

to what its unbiassed dictates would prescribe. In the capacity of sister, daughter, wife, and mother, how many duties are there to be performed which are too generally neglected, how many errors are committed, to give them the softest term, that are inconsistent with the character of rational and accountable beings? Would a daughter who has the least pretensions to virtuous feeling wring the heart of a parent who dotes on her, merely, perhaps, to evince her independence?---would a wife and a mother forget what she owes to a husband and her children, and neglect their credit and welfare, if she reflected on the ties by which she was bound, or did not despise them?

In former days, filial disobedience and conjugal infidelity were certainly more rare. This change in living manners is highly to be lamented, and, perhaps, if we impartially review all the boasted advantages of refinement, and put them in the balance with the honest homely virtues which are now superseded or become unfashionable, we shall find the scale preponderate infinitely in favour of the latter.

Changes in modes of thinking, and even acting, may be the natural result of our fluctuating condition, and of the weakness of our understanding; to a certain degree they may be innocent, and even expedient; but, before we indulge ourselves in any new habit, however strongly it may be sanctioned by custom, we ought to ask our hearts, is this right, will it conduce to our own happiness, and will it forward the general interests of society, and of our immediate connexions in particular.

By instituting such a scrutiny, we shall in numerous critical instances avoid the danger of deciding amiss; and, spurning the arbitrary and often unjust decrees of fashion, learn to establish a rule of action in our own bosoms, which will save us from many perils, and ensure many blessings.

Ere yet we lose the modest grace,
Ere guilt has bronz'd the blushing face,
While bad EXAMPLE would entice;
With fear and shame, unpractis'd, young,
We listen to the Siren's tongue,
The blandishments of vice.

From CUSTOM date progressive sin,
Till all is anarchy within,
Till passions rage without control,
Till headstrong appetite pull down
Unguarded reason from her throne,
And sensualize the soul.

Crime, by degrees, from HABIT grows
The baneful source of human woes,
At which our better natures start;
Till in our breast the monster breeds,
That sprung from adventitious seeds
Quite foreign to the heart.

THE INSPECTOR.

NO. XII.

We may fairly pay a very high compliment to those who, by their writings or actions, have been so capable of imitating life, as to have their pictures, in a manner, confounded with, or mistaken for, the originals. FIELDING.

MR. TOUCHY,

I TAKE the liberty of addressing you on a subject which has lately made no small stir among the inhabitants of your vicinity; and, though it may not come immediately within your inspection, yet I flatter myself, as it is of so peculiar a nature, that your readiness to assert the cause of innocence will sufficiently apologize for this intrusion, and at once secure the interest of your honourable fraternity. You must know, Sir, that, in common with every friend to virtue, I have been much gratified with the perusal of "A Marvellous Pleasant Love Story," a performance of no inconsiderable merit, which has been lately published by a lady, whose literary abilities do honour to the sex, and whom we may number among those females

females whose productions do no less honour to our country, and so peculiarly distinguish the commencement of the nineteenth century. Be not surprised at the novelty of the title; for, Sir, such has now become the rage for compound adjectives, with us at least, that the various degrees of comparison are almost solely expressed by the appropriate adjective: every thing is marvellous pretty, marvellous sweet, or marvellous horrid. We have had several of the most popular dramas got up at our little theatre with unusual decorations; and really, Sir, you would have been much gratified had you but heard the marvellous admiration which the performers extorted from the dramatic connoisseurs. Nay, I am told its influence has not stopped here; it has even reached to, and become marvellous popular with, the mechanic and the tradesman. My good friend Miss Kitty Primmit assures me that even Mr. Fagg the linen-draper has totally forsaken his old, hacknied, and much-abused term of "Extra super super," and, in preference to the more fashionable phrase, which is the *ton* behind the London counter, of the articles being curiously, I would say curious, fine, has adopted this more prevalent epithet, and now almost momentarily tips his customer with, "Really, ma'am, on my honor, 'tis marvellous fine." Now, Mr. Touchy---would you believe it!---this expression, so very unexpectedly, had such a marvellous effect upon Mrs. Variance, that she made an almost instantaneous purchase, though she knew, and Mr. Fagg afterwards declared, that the article was no more than what it seems the trade usually denominate a common fine.

But I now hasten to inform you of my principal motive in thus obtruding on the notice of your Society. Ah! Sir, how frequently do the million detest that to-day which yesterday they adored even to idolatry. This same "Love Story" had scarcely reached us, when one sentiment of curiosity seemed to pervade almost all ranks of people; the eccentric to contemplate their own eccentricities, and the more prudent

prudent to laugh at the follies of their neighbours. Thus was the work handed about from one to another, till some of our would-be-wits, in whom vanity seems a predominant quality, by thus tacitly praising their superior discernment, very shrewdly characterised it as one of the vilest personal satires that ever was penned. They fancied they beheld in the person of the author another Aristophanes reviving the old comedy of Athens. But what limited ideas must such critics entertain of that wonderful faculty of a novelist yclep'd the imagination, for whose vast capacity the utmost bounds of human nature are frequently found too narrow? It is true that, in the high road of life, new objects of ridicule will constantly present themselves as proper subjects for the satirical powers of a discerning novelist. I would ask, wherein consists the merits of our Fieldings, our Richardsons, and our Smollets?---surely, in a competent knowledge of human nature, and in delineation of character: take from them their excellent epitomes of life, and you at once rob them of their merit. Shall, therefore, those minor critics, who unfortunately have but penetration enough to discover every other character but their own, appropriate to individuals, with impunity, what is equally applicable to thousands?

> Man is her theme---is she to blame
> If ev'ry reader knows the same?

And again, allowing me to parody the same author:

> She no man calls an ape or ass:
> 'Tis his own conscience holds the glass.

An author, who, in opposition to the general, though vitiated, taste of his readers, disdains the popular machinery of ghosts and genii, and nobly dares to confine himself within the laws of probability; who, investigating the secret principles which influence that strange compound of inconsistency, the human heart, draws forth examples of virtue and vice from its inmost recesses, is surely in a most

most dangerous situation, having to combat with two very powerful passions, self-love and prejudice. Our pride being also touched, we are unwilling to acknowledge those talents of which we cannot but feel ourselves deficient. Ignorance is ashamed at the exposure of its follies—Guilt is alarmed at the idea of investigation.

Ill-nature, Mr. Touchy, is the parent of detraction, and conscious inferiority promotes the designs of the satirist. But ye, too penetrating geniuses, ye who can pierce through the mystic veil which conceals an author's secret motives, and view them in their clearest order, I charge you, be tenacious of your provincial reputation, nor so far debase yourselves as only to appropriate the most egregious characters. Such procedure is a direct libel on mankind, and ten times more opprobious than the most vehement personal satire. I feel for injured innocence, and speak as conscious of the dignity of our nature. Is the sphere of your connexion so circumscribed that it includes no character so honourable as Sir Barnaby Montford? Is the whole circle of your acquaintance so limited that it embraces no female so lovely as the amiable America? Or are we rather to impute your insinuations to a consciousness of the caricature, and the natural depravity of your own hearts?

But it is now time to make some apology to the amiable author, whose cause we are not so much defending (well knowing that she is superior to the voice of those who envy her growing reputation) as the innocent sufferers whom the public have stigmatised with such odious epithets. If, Sir, a just abhorrence for whatever is criminal will induce you to assist this humble attempt to vindicate the characters of a few worthy individuals, dare to stand forth and nobly espouse the cause of innocence. Such conduct must endear you to every worthy mind, and ensure the approbation of none more than,

Sir,

Your humble servant,

FRANK CANDID.

Mr.

Mr. Touchy is requested to present the thanks of the members of the Inspection Club to their worthy correspondent, and at the same time beg leave to assure him, that the Society had previously observed and duly noticed the conduct of a few individuals towards the "Marvellous Pleasant Love Story." He also takes this opportunity to inform all whom whom it may concern, in the following

Advertisement Extraordinary,

that cognizance will be taken of such as shall hereafter dare to insinuate that this same "Love Story" contains, either directly or indirectly, any personal allusion or particular character whatsoever; that the connexions of the Society are so variously dispersed, that no such person or persons must expect to escape the notice of its numerous correspondents; and that the names of all such offenders shall be registered on a roll provided for the purpose, in order that the said list or roll may be transmitted to the author, with full and ample power to take that satisfaction in another volume which she in her wisdom may think expedient. To whom, in case she should be induced to write such a provincial Dunciad, Mr. Touchy humbly begs leave to recommend the following couplet by way of motto:

Always set one rogue to find out another,
For ev'ry fool recognises his brother.

X.

Stockton upon Tees.

PROPOSED HISTORY OF WEEPING!!

MR. EDITOR,

AMONGST all the subjects which philosophers and moralists have handled with so much discussion and improvement, I cannot find that there exists any Essay or Treatise

Treatise on *Weeping*, or *Tears*. My researches, however, on this subject have been very extensive; and I flatter myself that I have at length executed a work which will be of infinite importance to the present and to future generations. Yet, knowing the many impediments literature has to struggle against from the price of paper and printing, I have very seriously weighed the consequences of embarking my fortune upon so vast an undertaking; and, by way of some probable security, I have deemed it most prudent to publish the work by subscription. Of the Prospectus, therefore, I inclose a copy, and hope you will favour me with a speedy insertion. I am, Sir, &c.

THE AUTHOR.

PROSPECTUS

Of a History of Weeping, from the creation of Eve to the present time.

Compiled from the most authentic sources, and under the immediate *eye* of some ladies of the first distinction, who have made Weeping their particular study; and illustrated with notes, annotations, and commentaries, by the most eminent hands. The whole to be comprised in ten volumes folio, or the overplus, if there should be any, given gratis to subscribers.

CONTENTS.

Vol. 1. Origin and antiquity of tears; state of tears before the flood.

Vol. 2. Progress of weeping among the most antient nations; origin of whimpering; with a dissertation on the boarding-schools of the antients.

Vol. 3. Propagation of tears in Europe, with biographical notes of eminent blubberers. State of discipline, and progress of tears, under the whip; dissertation on the slave trade.

Vol. 4. Great Britain; arithmetical discussion of crying accounts; progress of tears in families; with a digression on the metamorphosis of "gray mares" into "better horses."

Vol. 5. History of coaches and carriages; how increased by crying; origin of fits and hysterics; perspective view of Long Acre.

Vol.

Vol. 6. Rise of white handkerchiefs, with an historical view of the British stage; calculation of the depth of tears shed at a tragedy; plan of a tragedy, with the crying parts coloured for the boxes.

Vol. 7. On the use of onions at funerals; dissertation on widows; exact measurement of a flood of tears.

Vol. 8. On the various causes of weeping; ingenuity of those who weep without any cause; medical dissertation on crying; encouragement of the British Senate to the importation of Hollands.

Vol. 9. On the crying sins of the nation; effect of tears upon the works of Nature; poetical deluges; how far canals may be swelled by tears; true relation of a farmer's daughter who drove a mill while in love.

Vol. 10. On novel-writing; on tears, divided into genera and species; salt tears, bitter tears, sweet tears, sweet-bitter tears; salt-delicious tears, tears half-delicious, half-agonizing, and other varieties, manufactured and distilled in the writings of the new philosophers. On sentimental torrents, cataracts of sensibility, and water-falls of fine feeling. Conclusion.

The whole to be embellished by engravings (by the first artists) of black eyes, blue eyes, and hazle eyes, in all the stages of crying, from the *glisten* to the *sob*; portraits of eminent criers, from the originals, in water-colours; views of noted whimperers in distemper; ground plans of teazing schemes, with distant prospects of sets of china, diamond necklaces, new carriages, &c. &c.

The price to subscribers will be three guineas each volume; to non-subscribers, four. A few copies will be printed on a superfine magna charta, wire-wove and hot-pressed, with proof impressions of the plates, price six guineas each; and which, when bound, *corio Mauritanico, foliis deauratis, lineis rubris, elegantissime compact. per Kaltheber*, will form one of the most splendid books ever presented to the eye.

LACRYMANT REX ET REGINA!

FREDRICA.

FREDRICA: A ROMANCE.

LETTER TO ANNA ULRICA WURMSUR.

[Continued from p. 49.]

I WAS too much disturbed in mind to notice any thing during our journey till the afternoon of the last day. As we were passing through a forest, which the Baroness told me bounded their estate, the coachman drove incautiously over the fallen stump of a tree, and the carriage was overturned; I fortunately escaped unhurt; but the Baroness was both bruised and terrified. Paulo assisted us out, and, when we were seated on a mossy root by the road side, gave full vent to his oaths and lamentations.

"What in the name of wonder shall we do now? the wheel is off, and there is not a house near where we can procure tools to repair it. The castle is fourteen good miles distant by these cursed round-about roads, and one had need of flying horses to go across the country; for neither man nor beast dare do it, but at the hazard of their necks; so we are in a sweet hobble."

"Prithee, lad, do not stand swearing there," cried the postillion; "these accidents cannot be avoided: to be sure, it was the devil put the stump in our way. However, do you attend the ladies, and I will spur forward to the castle; and I warrant I will not return without bringing something good along with me, since we must travel another night."

"Jesu Marie!" exclaimed Lisette in an agony, "must we travel by night in this horrible place? Oh! we shall have banditti pouring upon us from all quarters."

"Peace!" said Madame, who, finding herself rather faint, felt teazed by the altercation. Paulo at length proposed going himself to the castle, and was just mounting his horse, when a rustling among the bushes filled us all with alarm, and in a moment a boy stood before us, whose

dress caused us no less astonishment than did the beauty of his person. He appeared to be about fourteen years of age, and his sturdy limbs denoted his healthful vigour; his features regular, and complexion a clear florid brown. He fixed his dark expressive eyes on the group with a mixture of terror and pleased surprise: he held a bow in his hand, and across his shoulder was slung his quiver of arrows; and to his leathern belt was fastened a flasket of liquor. His dress was composed of fleecy skins, and merely calculated to serve the purposes of convenience and decency: his hair, cut short, fell in slight curls over his forehead and neck; and his feet were defended from the sharp flints by wooden soles strapped to his ancles with leather. Thus accoutred, he appeared to the wondering spectators like a beautiful savage. Perceiving our distress and confusion, he modestly begged to know whether he could serve us: he informed the Baroness, in reply to her interrogations, that his father was a goat-herd, living in a hut hard by; that his father was old and feeble, and he procured their daily food with his bow and arrow; that they had no society, but were ever ready to assist, as far as their situation admitted, any traveller who might need succour.

Paulo instantly requested some of the contents of his bottle for the Baroness, whose palid looks evinced how much she suffered from pain and fatigue; and then showing him the unlucky wheel, he explained to him the nature of the implements necessary for its repair. The boy comprehended with facility, and bounded with the agility of a stag across the hedges that sided the road: he soon returned with several useful tools and a wallet, out of which he took, with an air of exultation, some dried fish, some grapes, and a bottle of sweet wine, which he laid before the Baroness, and begged her to make free with, while he helped the men with their work, adding——

"My poor father, I find, has rambled out a little way for air, or he would have been here also to tender his services."

Suspicion

Suspicion itself could have had no apprehensions from so sweet a child; and the Baroness, as well as myself and poor Lisette, were much refreshed by the repast, and in a short time the carriage was ready for our reception: before the Baroness entered, she requested to know the name of our kind young friend.

"My name, lady, is Francisco de L'Estrange."

"Accept this, then, Francisco," said she, tendering him a purse, "as a token of gratitude from the Baroness St. Amere; and remember, that the gates of the Castle di Atona shall never be closed against you when you seek admittance."

He bowed respectfully, but put back the purse.

"Allow me, Madam, to reject your bounty; I cannot take money, but your last favour is invaluable. Might I presume-----."

The Baroness was going to speak, but his features assumed an air of wildness, and he seemed to have forgotten the subject of conversation. Madame held out her hand; mine, too, was extended: he pressed both to his lips, and immediately retired among the trees.

"This is an odd adventure, Madame," said Lisette, glad of an opportunity to let her tongue run: "I am sure one would almost think this fairy land. Why, that boy can never be a real natural boy."

"Whatever he is, Lisette," replied the Baroness, "we have no cause to doubt his good nature; and you will often find in civilized society behaviour more unnatural: I own I should be happy to repay more substantially the obligations we are under to him."

We by this time reached the castle gates, where the Baron, apprised of our arrival, waited to receive us; an exertion more the result of curiosity than politeness. He was tall and handsome, but a heavy gloom clouded his countenance; and he upbraided the Baroness, in no very gentle tone, for so long delaying her return. The Baroness seemed embarrassed in presenting me, and St. Amere heightened

it by the scrutiny of his inspection. I shrunk timidly back, and, after the necessary compliments had passed, begged permission to retire with Lisette, which was readily granted. In about half an hour the Baroness came to me; she appeared to have been in tears.

"Do not feel unhappy, my dear child," said she, tenderly, "at the reserve of the Baron; it is his way: he likes you very well, and it will soon wear off. To-morrow I will introduce you to my son: Fernando is about your own age, and will be a charming companion for you."

The Baroness soon retired, after promising to send us some supper. I threw myself upon a seat, and gave unrestrained vent to my tears; while Lisette took the taper, and surveyed our allotted bed-chambers. Mine was furnished in a manner gloomily magnificent; the walls were of old chesnut wood, and increased the dismal appearance of the old-fashioned apartment; and from various recesses folding-doors opened into long dark galleries. Lisette felt a cold chill creep through her veins, and, as ignorance ever causes superstition, she fancied every sighing breeze the voice of some murdered wretch calling from its earthly cell. Young as I was, I had no such apprehensions, and, though my mind was harassed with other cares, I strove to dispel her fears. About ten o'clock a female servant appeared with some food, which we were neither of us very solicitous about. Lisette would have preferred a conversible companion, and, in hopes of obtaining what she so much wished for, begun by observing, "that all old buildings were unaccountably dismal." Unfortunately, this observation was made in French, which the person to whom it was addressed did not understand; and of Italian Lisette was equally ignorant; therefore they were obliged to part without receiving advantage on either side. About twelve the family retired, and I heard the Baron in high anger with the Baroness, who interrupted him only with sobs and tears. I vainly urged Lisette to go to her chamber, but she begged so earnestly to share mine, that I agreed; and, notwithstanding her

her terrors, she soon fell asleep. I had just fallen into a slumber, when I was disturbed by a rumbling noise near me. I started up in the bed, and listened attentively, but, though much alarmed, would not rouse Lisette, after having reproved her for her foolish fears. I could hear nothing more, and again composed myself to rest, but was more completely roused than before by a deep groan, and the sound of approaching footsteps; at the same time a low murmuring voice, as if in expostulation, caught my ear. No longer able to sleep, I hurried on my gown,---the light was still burning,---and, seating myself by the window, I watched anxiously for the dawning day, which soon, to my great comfort, began to make its appearance, and I beheld with delight the shadowy teints of twilight disperse before the cheering sunbeams, which now gilded the tops of the distant mountains. The matin-bell of a neighbouring convent sounded, and presently the domestics in the castle were stirring. I waked Lisette, without mentioning my fright, and sent her down stairs. At eight o'clock Madame entered: her countenance was pale, and her eyes much swollen. "I hope you have rested well, my dear," were her first words. I laughed, and replied---"Indeed, Madame, I have not rested very quietly, for, believe me, were I naturally superstitious, I should think the ghosts make rather free with this venerable building." I then more particularly related my adventure.

"All this I can easily account for," she replied: "the Baron was very ill last night; and a violent pain in his head caused him to walk about the chamber, and from him proceeded the sighs and groans you heard."

"Is the Baron often so, Madame?"

"Too often," answered she with a sigh: "a wound which he received in battle has injured his head very much. But come, Fredrica; the gentlemen are awaiting us."

She then took my hand, tenderly saluted me, and led me to the breakfast room.

Curtseying, with eyes half averted through fear and dislike, I entered the parlour: the Baron had begun breakfast, and did not think me worth rising to; but Fernando resigned his place on the sofa, beside his mother, to me, and drew for himself a chair opposite: his attentive looks, when I dared raise my eyes, increased my embarrassment, and made me appear very awkward. I did not think him handsome, for he is one of those who do not strike at first view; but the animated expression of his countenance excites an interest little short of admiration. A general silence prevailed some time, which was at length terminated by the Baron, who addressed me with——

"Pray, young lady, have you received any education?"

"I cannot boast of my accomplishments, my Lord, but my father bestowed some expense upon me."

"Humph! modestly answered," was his reply; "but, be more minute: in what branch do you excel?---Music."

"I love music, and play a little on the harp and lute."

"You like dancing, no doubt?" asked he: "most French women are fond of skipping about."

"I did learn, my Lord; but my father was rather particular, and I had but little practice."

"So much the better," returned the Baron: "what languages do you speak?"

"I began to learn Italian and German, but had made no great progress when -------"

My voice failed me---I thought on my father---my lost mother---our broken fortunes---all rushed upon my memory.

"Baron, you distress her," cried the Baroness: "why this examination?"

"Because, said St. Amere, "I am thinking, as she is a well-behaved girl, father Stephano, our Fernando's tutor, may also take her under his care: they can assist each other; Fernando can help her with Italian, and she will soon make him understand French."

The Baron seemed pleased with his project, which none was disposed to contradict; so he retired to his library in tolerable good humour. When I went to my apartment

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to dress for dinner, Lisette came to me with looks of important knowledge. I was too young and inexperienced to know the mischiefs occasioned by encouraging the tattle of servants, and must own I most eagerly urged the intelligence she seemed fraught with.

"Why, mercy on us, Mademoiselle," said she, shutting the door carefully, "after all your courage, this is but a dismal sort of a place to live in!—why, it is haunted in a dreadful manner!"

To appease her fears, I told her what I had heard from the Baroness. Lisette shook her head and blushed, as much as a French waiting-maid could blush.

"I beg your pardon, Mademoiselle; I heard all that through the key-hole; but the cook, who understands French, says it is no wonder, for the Baron has many sins to answer for; and, if blood and strange voices may be believed, murder is one of them."

I could not help shuddering at her account, yet affected to disbelieve it; however, that night passed away without any fresh cause of alarm, and all idea of every supernatural visitation vanished. I was introduced to father Stephano, and the facility with which I took his first lessons gained me his esteem and the approbation of the Baron, who now, by some extraordinary caprice, seemed to be as fond of me as he before appeared averse from me. Fernando and I became the happy pupils of an excellent and worthy man; our minds expanded beneath his fostering care with energies strong and virtuous; our hearts, as it were, grew together; and, whether by the force of nature or prejudice, we seemed firmly inseparable. Happy hours! when artless, undesigning, as the children of innocence, suspicion nor concealment robbed the cheek of no bloom, the eye of no lustre! Too soon were those hours banished; yet, let me not impiously arraign that Power which makes present evil the means of future good, or regret that, by depriving me of a temporary felicity, Providence preserved me from a life of misery. May I ever, as now, bow with submissive

submissive gratitude to the unseen Hand that guides us through the labyrinth of life. The attention of Fernando made a strong impression on my heart, which now, for the first time, throbbed with emotions to which no language can do justice; but, how was I shocked to see the cold disapproving looks of the Baroness: her lips were closed in total silence, but her eyes spoke a language I could not misunderstand. I imparted my apprehensions to Fernando: he doubted what I advanced, and urged me to learn her sentiments more decidedly; which I seized the first opportunity of doing, and followed her one morning to her chamber: she heard me without surprise or interruption.

"What you have imparted to me, my dear child," said she, "is no secret; and I suppose you have penetration enough to perceive that the Baron does not disapprove of your attachment. Implicit obedience to his will is the rule I have prescribed to myself since the first hour of my union with St. Amere, therefore you have no objections to fear from me; but recollect, Fredrica, that Fernando is the heir to a noble title and estate: the Marquisate of Atona will be procured for him when he is of age; the estate is his by inheritance. He is young and sanguine; may I add, rather hasty in his judgment: you are lovely and amiable, and this is the first time he has found himself susceptible of a passion which proves the bane or blessing of existence. You have become the object of his choice, perhaps casually so; for I speak by experience, when I affirm that the earliest impressions are not commonly the most lasting. The Baron's fond indulgence of this darling son would make him renounce all expectations for momentary gratification; but, believe me, that parent shows the truest affection, who, amidst the temptations of youth, preserves a steady system of denial, as the means of providing against the misfortunes of subsequent years."

The Baroness had a keen perception of character, and knew the disposition of the person she addressed; but I thought I perceived more of pride than parental caution in her

her manner, and all the haughty feelings of my heart rose to my countenance; while I said, with emotion that almost choked my utterance——

"Enough, Madame; I comprehend all you would alledge; I knew not the extent of the hopes I was encouraging: my ambition has received a check." She threw her arms around me:

——"Oh! Fredrica, do not be offended; you know not all I feel at this moment. Immediate decision is not necessary; you are both very young, have seen nothing of the world---beware how you encourage romantic ideas; besides, there is another person to be consulted."

"I had not suffered my father's rights to escape my memory, Madame; but I thought previous application to you necessary; for his indulgence of my wishes was never bounded by the cold dictates of duty any more than my confidence in him; both flowed spontaneously from the heart."

"But, believe me, Fredrica, I do not think you so certain of success as you imagine: I will not interfere. Write to the Count; tell him all you please; his answer shall determine mine."

This I resolved to do as soon as intelligence reached us of his arrival in England; and Fernando acquiesced in our decision.

(To be continued.)

THE COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.

A SKETCH FROM NATURE.

[Continued from page 42.]

MANY were the objections Henley made, but the eloquence of his patron outweighed them all; and the honest divine took the purse, at the same time saying——

"This

"This will enable me to baffle the malice of Sir Frederick, by placing myself in a more comfortable residence than even this is; yet a sense of my inability to show you sufficient gratitude makes me blush while I accept it. But, believe me, you will not be a loser by this generous conduct; for, though you may not be repaid in this world, I rejoice to think that you will hereafter meet a blessed reward "in a country that passeth not away."

"Spare your acknowledgments," said the General; "you must be sensible that I am only performing what is enjoined by the laws of humanity. My exertions in your behalf shall not rest here, for on my return to London I will try whether it is not possible to call Sir Frederick to an account for his conduct towards you. I must now leave you for a few days: in my way to the metropolis I will again call, and see if I can assist you further."

After some weeks passed in viewing the more distant parts of the country, the General paid a second visit to Henley; but, on entering the village, was surprised to find the peasantry in the highest glee, amusing themselves with dancing and other rural sports. Having reached the Parson's house, he enquired the cause of such unusual proceedings, and found that Sir Frederick Harley had expired the day before in an apoplectic fit. This event was most welcome to every one, and the conduct of the surrounding neighbourhood, on this occasion, represented the tumultuous rejoicings which follow the death of a tyrant, and afforded a striking contrast to the modest deportment and unaffected sorrow displayed on the departure of a benevolent man. When the first transports of the multitude had subsided, and calm reflection followed, they pitied Sir Frederick, but none regretted him; for by his death they saw themselves emerged from slavery, and restored to peace. The dark clouds of affliction evaporated, and the sunbeams of happiness once more illumined their cottages.

As

As soon as the funeral rites of Sir Frederick were performed, the General accompanied Henley to the Manor House, where they had an interview with the nephew of the deceased Baronet, who had succeeded to the estate. This young man was more humane than his uncle had been cruel and oppresive. He gave them to understand, that he saw the misfortunes of Henley with concern, but had not before the means of removing them, though he would now give a proof of his justice by restoring him to his former independence. This determination received the applause it so well merited, and the General, having thus nobly exerted his influence in behalf of the unfortunate, returned to London, after giving the Parson an invitation to pass some weeks at his house, and view the amusements of the town, when it should be convenient to him.

The days of Henley glided on smoothly, and no fresh disasters pressed upon him, except that the virtues of his son (now lost to him for ever) at times intruded on his recollection, and drew a tear down the furrows of his cheek. But it was quickly wiped away, for he considered that, if Providence had taken one child from him, it was through that very event that the remainder of his family had been preserved.

A few months after, having obtained leave of absence from his superior, he accepted the General's offer, and visited him in the metropolis, where he was received with genuine hospitality. A short time being spent in mirth and pleasure, the little party began to be weary of town, and determined to make a tour along the coast of Kent, for the purpose of viewing the dock-yards, and various trophies of our naval superiority. Among other places, they inspected the magnificent castle and cliff of Dover, which has been so long celebrated by our immortal Bard. They were one day walking on the pier, when a cartel-ship arrived from France, filled with English prisoners, who had been exchanged. The General and Henley stood at a little distance, remarking the symptoms of gladness that overspread

overspread the countenances of the poor fellows on being restored to their native country. A young man of comely appearance, dressed in a faded military uniform, leaped ashore among the rest, and had scarcely set foot on dry land, when Henley rushed forward, and, clasping him in his arms, exclaimed with transport, "Oh! my son! my son!" The General instantly recognized the hero, and was overjoyed at this happy meeting.

For some moments both father and son were nearly entranced with pleasure, and the former, having at last collected his feelings, cried——

"When I least expected so much bliss, I have found thee, my boy, covered with glory."

"I cannot say any thing about that, father," replied the youth, "but I hope I have done my duty."

The General then stepped forward and said, "Charles, do not overlook your chief. He welcomes you to England."

Charles, who had not before perceived him, bowed low, and made no reply.

"Come," continued his commander, "accompany us to some private place, where we can learn by what means you so narrowly escaped. I saw you fall, and, as I thought, never to rise again."

Having adjourned to a tavern, young Henley thus began his little narrative.

"You, Sir, are perfectly well acquainted with my adventures, until I fell by your side, and have, no doubt, informed my father of them. The bullet I received penetrated deep into my breast; the blood flowed copiously: in a few moments nothing was intelligible to my senses, but a confused noise which I could not comprehend, and I sunk into a swoon. What passed afterwards I cannot tell. At the time I fainted it was broad day-light, but when I recovered the shades of evening were just approaching. I however got up, and made shift to walk, frequently stumbling over the bodies or accoutrements of my

my dead comrades. With great difficulty I reached a farm-house that was in sight, and made known my case. The inhabitants consented to lodge me for the night, and kindly bound up my wounds. The next day, having procured a vehicle, they conveyed me to the French hospital some miles further up the country. I, of course, became prisoner, and was marched, with many others, into the interior. After remaining there a long time, orders were issued for our release, in consequence of being exchanged: I was among the happy number, and by the blessing of Heaven am returned safe, able to fight again for the rights of my native land."

"Yes," said the General, "and to receive the reward due to valour. But you have, perhaps, no inclination to remain in the army. If so, I will take care to provide for you in some other way."

"Your goodness exceeds my warmest hopes," replied Charles. "My service has been short, as a soldier, but long enough to raise a desire of continuing in the same profession."

"I am glad to find," answered his benefactor, "that, after feeling the inconvenience which that state produces, you still have the boldness to face danger again."

Nothing further remains to be explained, but that the General performed his promise. Charles is promoted to the rank of an officer, by the intercession of his generous commander, who declares that he will always patronize and exalt him to the highest situation it is in his power to do.

The vicious may, for a time, trample down the bounds of virtue, and reign triumphant; but certain punishment overtakes them, and their actions are remembered only with indignation and abhorrence.

S. W.

June 5, 1801.

THE VILLAGE GOSSIP.

NO. V.

[Continued from p. 9.]

THE evening proved pleasant beyond my expectations, yet, as is generally the case, some disagreeables occurred. Maria led off the dance with young Stanley; the hand of Clara was solicited and obtained by Lieut. Woolcomb, the young officer I before mentioned; and Somerton leaned over my chair, endeavouring to amuse me by his observations. I perceived his heart was in the dance, and assured him that I thought he might safely venture to lead out Miss Walsingham, a young lady introduced by Mrs. Stitchwell as her pupil: the girl was modest-looking, though awkward, and I pitied the constrained and anxious appearance that she made. Leonard laughed, but seemed mortified; and Mrs. Stitchwell, who accidentally heard me, rising from her seat, and approaching Somerton, said——

"Ay, pray do, Sir, for the poor thing seems quite mumpy, sitting still there, while all the other young folks is a jumping and skipping about. She is the best of all my girls, for her parents pays extravagantly, and insists on her having every indulgence."

I really looked at her with astonishment, and for a moment doubted whether she was not mimicking some one in the room; however, I heard no one speak in that manner except herself, and I soon found by her subsequent discourse that she was both ill-bred and illiterate. Somerton, to hide his inclination for laughter, bowed, and led the willing fair one to the gay group; and Mrs. Stitchwell joined the card-party she had left to urge Leonard's acceptance of her pupil. Mrs. Mournwell, who sat next to me, observed my astonishment, and addressed me in a manner so very different from that of the governess, that it attracted my immediate attention by the contrast.

"You

"You appear to be unacquainted with the lady who last addressed you, Madam?"

"I am a stranger to her, it is true," I replied. "You have, probably, the pleasure of knowing her better, being a longer resident in this village."

Mrs. Mournwell smiled. "No, I assure you her acquaintance could afford me little pleasure or profit: she undertakes the important task of educating youth; how well she is qualified, you have had a specimen already."

"I should suppose, then," returned I, "that her success does not equal her expectations."

"Oh! you are strongly mistaken," returned my intelligent neighbour; "she has fifteen boarders: the young lady you see with her is a favourite; she is an opulent citizen's only child, who, determined to give their girl a genteel education, sent her to Mrs. Stitchwell's seminary, where, by advertisement, they were acquainted she would be taught English and French grammatically, music, drawing, dancing, and a long catalogue of accomplishments, in all of which Miss is expected to excel; and her parents, like many others, sent their child to learn those things, without once examining whether the teachers were properly qualified. For my part, I think schools should only be suffered by license, and the governors and teachers withheld from practising till they had been regularly examined by the established professors of what they presume to teach: such a regulation would be of infinite service to the public, as every parent is not competent to judge of a teacher's abilities."

Mrs. Mournwell would have continued her discourse much longer, but that Somerton advanced towards us, looking very ill: he apologized to his partner for declining to dance any more, and took his seat beside me. Maria, whose eyes were cast the way we were, instantly quitted the dance, and with extreme solicitude offered every thing she thought could give him relief. Stanley, instead of approaching with equal concern, seated himself at the

further end of the room, and seemed lost in thought. I now, for the first time in my life, felt vexed at the humanity and sensibility of Maria; for I perceived that Stanley was jealous, and intimated it, as well as I could, to Maria: she coloured, seemed disconcerted, and hurt; but, laughing it off, cried---"Oh! if he is so silly, I must teach him better." This passed in a whisper; but Somerton seemed to comprehend our meaning by our looks, and, rising, declared himself much better: he then walked to Stanley, who received him rather coldly; and Maria, to punish him, declined dancing the remainder of the evening. I own I thought it just, for the encouragement of such whimsies must make them both uncomfortable.

The evening was uncommonly serene, and I threw open a window to enjoy the breeze that came from the river: when the dance was ended, Somerton took up a flute, and played a beautiful plaintive air in a most exquisite manner: every one was charmed; and Maria, with the most ingenuous innocence, declared the delight it gave her. I heard a deep sigh near me, and was at a loss to guess from whom it proceeded; when, leaning a little forwarder out of the window, I perceived a figure in white glide through the walk, and rest at the foot of a shadowy pine. I took no notice to the rest, but my curiosity was roused, and I resolved, as soon as I could escape, to discover the object. I soon found an opportunity of getting into the garden, and observed that my pursuit alarmed the solitary wanderer: her dress catching by a bush impeded her flight, and seemed to augment her terror, for she sunk motionless upon the ground. I ran to her assistance, and, begging her not to be terrified, made myself known to her, and soon, by the light of the moon, recognised the features of the mysterious cottager. As soon as she was sufficiently recovered from her fright to converse, I enquired why she was not among the festive party:---she burst into tears.

"Oh! Madam, I am the outcast of society---a miserable degraded wretch! However, believe me, a woman who has

once

once deviated from virtuous conduct knows more justly the value of it, and might with tenderness be reclaimed; while ignominy, reproach, and desertion, render the heart callous to the finer feelings, and careless of the moral duties. In this village I am generally shunned, for I have not art enough to conceal my misfortunes, nor wealth enough to palliate my errors in the eyes of the world."

Every word she spoke sunk deep in my ear, and from thence to my heart. She continued :---

" Even you, Madam, if you have any regard for your own reputation, must either despise me, or appear to do so."

I interrupted her with sincere protestations that I would do neither.

" No," said I with eagerness, " I am independent of the world and its opinions, nor will I conspire to hurl a fellow-creature into the abyss of grief and misery by confounding misfortune with guilt: those who have not candour enough to approve my conduct I will gladly relinquish; and those who have will assist me in restoring you to that rank in life from which you seem so undeservedly driven. What your errors have been I know not, but I am already prepared to give them the most favourable allowance: fear not, then, to find in me a severe judge or an inquisitive scrutinizer."

" You encourage me so kindly, Madam," she returned, " that I can no longer withhold the confidence you seem to exact; but the music attracted my roving steps this way. My child may be awake, and her terror at my absence will be excessive. To-morrow, if you will honour me with a call, I will trouble you with all my sorrows: do not press me now."

I waved my hand, for her voice and grateful manner affected me. She quitted the garden, and I returned to the rooms.

(To be continued.)

ROSEVILLE COTTAGE.

[Continued from p. 11.]

"ONE evening, tired with the tedium of a long day, in which I had been confined to the house by the burning of a very hot summer sun, I took a stroll abroad. Contrary to my constant custom, instead of directing my steps further into the country, I took the road which leads to London. Meeting many carriages, I found the dust disagreeable, and struck into a narrow shady lane which branches off to the left.

"I had not sauntered above half way down this walk, when my sight was arrested by a beautiful little cottage standing directly opposite to me. Its rough sides were whitened---its roof covered with a thick thatch. You know that I was always fond of these humble abodes of peace.

"I advanced to the window, which was open, and, looking in, to my astonishment beheld a room furnished with elegance, yet perfectly in harmony with the rusticity of the place. This miniature chamber had its folding-doors thrown open, which displayed a vestibule of equal dimensions, through which the garden was seen, full of luxuriant flowers, and breathing inexpressible fragrance: I still stood gazing. These rooms were fitted up exactly alike; green cloth covered the floor, and the small sofas and wicker chairs were cushioned with the same as the curtains,---a spotless white, with neat patch-work borders set in roses: the papered walls were ornamented with fine drawings, and baskets and stands of flowers were hung and placed in every direction.*

"From admiration of the spot my thoughts naturally formed the wish to see the owner. I had hardly conceived the desire before a little girl passed, and, turning into a porch at my left hand, formed of roots of trees, knocked

* This cottage really exists, in a little lane, Old Brompton.

at

at the door: it was opened, and I heard her say that she was come to buy some milk. My plan was fixed in a moment, and, as soon as she went away with her burden, I knocked at the door. A footman dressed in black opened it: this rather startled me, but I enquired if his mistress did not sell milk. He answered yes, and I desired to be conducted to her.

"I followed him into the garden. Judge my surprise when I beheld two elderly ladies seated beneath a large walnut tree, whose bending and loaded branches almost touched a young and elegant girl, who, with a little French dog at her feet, was reading aloud to the others, who were netting. They were so intent on their employment, that they did not perceive my approach, and I had a free opportunity to observe their figures.

"I asked the servant which was his mistress. He pointed to one in widow's weeds. She appeared the gravest of the two, and had a majestic sweetness in her look that awed while it attracted me. The lady who sat on her right hand was in slighter mourning, and wore on her benevolent countenance the most eloquent tokens of philanthropy and mirth. The youngest in this interesting group, by her deeper black, seemed to be the daughter of the widow: her back was towards me, so I could then only discern the elegance of her shape, and the graces of her voice; but, when I ascended the little mound on which they were seated, while her mother and aunt saluted me with all the urbanity of real politeness, she hastily rose, and displayed to me a face on which "every god had seemed to set his seal:" her dark eyes beamed softness as she closed her book and offered me the chair from whence she had arisen.

"The wonders of the scene before me so absorbed and astonished me, that I quite forgot the excuse which had introduced me to their presence. I hurryingly accepted a seat which the servant brought from another part of the garden, and, colouring and confused, sat like a fool, unable

to speak. The kind family saw my embarrassment, and pitied me. The aunt asked me, with a smile, if I was fond of cows, for she had a very fine dairy at the bottom of the garden. This question gave me recollection and courage; and, shaking off the ridiculous *mauvaise honte* that had nearly overwhelmed me, half laughing, I told her that she had really hit upon the purport of my visit; but that the enchantment of all around had so bewildered my senses, that I had almost forgotten the business of my intrusion.

"I then told a short, and I fear rather improbable, story about the quantity of milk that I wanted to purchase; for the widow smiled, and, turning to her sister, said, 'I fear, Amelia, that is more than our dairy could afford in the course of a month's milking.' I blushed like scarlet, and said, that I should be settled in my house in town in the lapse of a few weeks, when I would send my housekeeper to arrange the quantity with her dairy-maid.

"This awkward affair adjusted, I soon forgot my embarrassment, and sat conversing with these three extraordinary cottagers till they were summoned to tea. I now made a slight motion to take my leave, but Amelia requested I would stay and taste a little of her cream. I readily assented, and followed them into that beautiful little apartment into the window of which I had first looked.

(To be continued.)

FELIX TO ALONZO.

[Continued from p. 12.]

LETTER VII.

I AM just returned from a ramble which has been delightful. I have discovered a new scene, and I foresee it will be haunted by my restless spirit. About a mile from

from this, on one side of the high-way, runs up a long chalky mountain, which, from its barren appearance near the road, I never thought it worth while to ascend: the freshness of this morning, however, and the spirits into which a flattering dream and a glorious sunshine had thrown me, made me undertake the toil. I ascended with some difficulty, and found my road on the other side led down a steep path, hardly discernible from the thickness of the trees which shaded it. After walking in a charming kind of twilight for some time, the path emerged into broad day; and I saw stretched before me a deep valley, through which ran a rapid stream, tangled with bushes and aquatic plants, and on whose banks stood an old picturesque mill shaded by an acacia tree. The loud whirl of the mill, the roaring of the water, and the wind swaying the large boughs of the acacia, added charms to the scene. I stood for a while, talking aloud all those rhapsodies which a man naturally expresses when he is surprized and pleased; and then, crossing the stream by a rude kind of bridge, sat down under the acacia, and idled away a whole day. So passes my life: it must not be always thus. I call you insensible now and then, yet I fear you are in the best road still, for you are in the path of duty: myself I reproach often, and, some time or other, I will be useful.

****

(In continuation.)

I frequently think that, had I met Louisa in Madrid, I should not have loved her; how should I have found time for it? where would her soft unobtrusive graces have developed themselves? but here, with a heart entendered by the charms of Nature, I gaze upon her's. If you have ever loved, and have done so in the country, you will understand how much the romantic scenes by which I am surrounded seem to belong to her: she attaches herself to my soul with the idea of every thing which is graceful or good; the morning

morning and the evening, the spring and the autumn, all speak to me of Louisa. Do you not discover the secret? ---The country is the nurse of feeling, the town is its murderer. Alas! is feeling a blessing? I fly from the question.

Farewell!

PRECEDENCY.

THE Emperor Charles V. was once applied to by two women of fashion at Brussels to settle the point of precedency between them, the dispute respecting which had been carried to such a height, that the ladies had given each other very hard words, and their servants had come to blows before the portico of the church of St. Gudule in that city. Charles, after affecting to hear with a most minute attention what each lady had to say in favour of her own rank, decided that the greatest simpleton of the two should have the *pas*. In consequence of this judgment, whenever the ladies met they were prodigiously civil to each other, and were peculiarly anxious to give that precedency which each had arrogated to herself.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

PERHAPS it would somewhat check the enormous multiplication of books for children, if those who sit down to write them would seriously consider the task they are about in the same light with King Charles the First, who, being pressed by the parliament ministers to allow a small catechism for children which they had composed—

"I will not," said he, "take upon me to determine that all those texts of scripture which you quote are right-

ly

ly applied, and have their true sense given them; and I assure you, gentlemen, I would license a catechism at a venture sooner for men than I would for children, because they can judge for themselves; and I make a great conscience not to permit that children should be corrupted in their first principles."

MUTABILITY OF FORTUNE.

MARIE De Medicis, mother of Louis XIII. was driven from her kingdom by the powerful influence of Cardinal Richlieu, who had in early life attached himself to her party.

"In the month of August 1641," says Lilly, "I beheld the old Queen, mother of France, Mary of Medicis, depart from London, in company of Thomas Earl of Arundel. A sad spectacle of mortality it was, and produced tears from my eyes, and many other beholders, to see an aged, lean, decrepid, poor Queen, ready for her grave, necessitated to depart hence, having no place of residence left her but where the courtesy of her hard fortune assigned it. She had been the only stately and magnificent woman of Europe, wife of the greatest King that ever lived in France, mother unto one King and unto two Queens."

Henrietta Maria, the daughter of Henry IV. King of France, and wife of Charles I. King of England, after being obliged to fly her husband's kingdom, was in such distress at Paris, that she and her infant daughter were obliged to lie in bed in their chamber at the Louvre, as they could not get wood to make a fire with. In that same city her marriage had been formerly solemnized with the greatest pomp and magnificence.

ST.

ST. PAUL'S CLOCK.

THE following is an exact description of the outside of St. Paul's Clock:

The diameter of the dial plate 18 feet 10 inches.
The hour hand 5 feet 8 inches.
The minute hand 9 feet 8 inches.
The hour figures 2 feet 2 inches.
The minute figures 1 foot each.
The minute strokes 6 inches.
And the rim to the minutes 45 feet.

CURIOUS EPITAPHS.

IN the old church of Tiverton is the following curious Epitaph:

"Ho, ho, who lies here?"
"'Tis I, the good Earl of Devonshire,
"With Kate, my wife, to me full dear.
"That we *spent* we had;
"That we *left* we lost;
"That we *gave* we have."

This inscription may seem odd; but, attentively considered, it contains an excellent moral lesson, and estimates the true value and use of riches.

THE following Epitaph is taken from a tomb-stone at Gunwallow, near Helstone, Cornwall:

SHALL	WE	ALL	DIE?
WE	SHALL	DIE	ALL.
ALL	DIE	SHALL	WE?
DIE	ALL	WE	SHALL.

ANECDOTES

ANECDOTES OF CHASTITY.

CHASTITY is a rare virtue, said Lucian; it is like Justice, a shadow of it is only seen: therefore it is maintained, that they are both returned to Heaven. Thalia was chaste from necessity, because her remarkable ugliness attracted the hatred and contempt of all the world. Elergia entered among the number of vestals, because the natural coldness of her constitution had metamorphosed her heart of flesh into a heart of ice. Scipio Africanus had the gift of chastity before the lovely Cleria; Alexander before the wife of Darius; Lisander before Portia. The ingenious Marcia, daughter to Marcus Varro, was an excellent statuary and painter, and, by her works, gave public testimony of her chastity, by neither carving nor painting the figure of a man. Macrine, wife to Manlius Torquatus, was so chaste and affectionate to her husband, that, in order to preserve the reputation of those virtues entire, she made a resolution, during the space of eleven years that her husband was absent in the war, never to go out of her house, nor look out of her window, nor appear without a veil, nor speak to any male above the age of eight years. But, some time after the return of her husband, proving pregnant, and continuing her former vow, she died, from the extreme desire she had to see a monster which passed through the street where she lived, not daring to go to the window for fear of being seen, and violating the vow she had made. Hieron, tyrant of Syracuse, was one day accused that he had a stinking breath: he was enraged to the highest degree of passion, not against the person who told him so, but against his wife, who had been always silent on the subject. She replied, very wisely, that she had thought this imperfection natural to all men, and by this answer gave the best testimony of her faithful chastity. A person of high birth causing a Lacedemonian lady to be solicited for a favour

that she thought not very honest, wisely answered the messenger in this manner: "Before I married, I learned to obey my father, and have always done so; but now that I am a wife, I obey my husband: if, then, the demands of your master are honest and just, let him first declare it to my husband." This answer, proceeding from a heart devoted to chastity, silenced the messenger, and the master likewise when he was told it. At the siege of Thebes, a captain, having violated a noble lady, interrogated her to know where her treasure was concealed; she made answer, that it was put down in a dry well near her house: he descended into it, and she had the courage, when he was at the bottom, to throw large stones upon him as heavy as she could well lift, and which revenged her by his death for the injury he had done her. Giuseph Duke of Frioul having been vanquished by Cananus King of the Huns, and lost his life in the battle, his duchy by this misfortune was exposed to all the rage and insolence of the enemy. This prince had two daughters as lovely as chaste, and who preserved their honour by the following means: they tied the flesh of young pullets round their breasts and under their arm-pits; and these being soon corrupted by the natural heat of those parts, an insupportable stench followed them every where. When the Huns entered the castle, and saw the surprising beauty of these two ladies, they were determined to violate them; but when they drew near, and the horrible stench of their bodies had struck their nostrils, it immediately quenched their desires, and they ran away from them as they would have done from the plague. Charles VIII. King of France, having entered, by assault, into Tuscany, which had shut its gates against him, on his return from Naples, a young lady, of a good family and of singular beauty, flying from the violence of the soldiers, took refuge in the King's arms: the young monarch seemed desirous to rob her of that which she was in hopes of preserving by his protection; but this chaste beauty having conjured him by the purity of the mother

of

of God (of which there hung a painting in the apartment) to render her back to her betrothed, to whom she was alone due, the King, out of respect to the Queen of Angels, granted her request, gave her five hundred crowns, and freedom to her intended husband, who had been taken prisoner of war.

ON THE INDIAN MARRIAGE MARKET.

To the Editor.

SIR,

I BEG leave, through your respectable publication, to make a few remarks on a custom, which, to the great disgrace of this country, now prevails; I mean that of sending our young unmarried women out to the *India Market*, as it is not inaptly called.

It is, Sir, a most improper practice, taken in every point of view. Its irreligious and immoral tendency must be evident to every impartial observer; for what can be more disgraceful and indelicate than to send our young countrywomen, whose minds should be pure and unsullied with the least breath of immodesty, to a country where it is (alas! too well known) the custom for them to be disposed of to the highest bidder (if I may be allowed the expression); I mean to that man whose fortune is largest, and who is willing to take them; for, I am afraid that, in most instances, nothing else is sought for. Pray, what is this more or less than returning to our antient state of barbarity? We may, indeed, hear of such a custom as this prevailing in Japan, and among other savages; but that any thing so derogatory to true delicacy, which renders the Fair Sex so powerful in their charms, and any thing tending in so great a degree to the subversion of all the genuine principles of modesty and propriety, should be allowed and practised in a christian and civilized country, to me, I confess, appears almost incredible.

I am aware that many persons may urge the difficulty of providing for daughters and wards in this country; but, yet, let me ask, is that a sufficient reason for their selling them (for so I must ever call it), without regard had to attachment, inclination, or consimilarity of sentiment and disposition? No, certainly. Is it, I say, a right principle to proceed upon, to prefer seeing your daughter rich and unhappy, rather than happy with a small fortune? If it is, then I have no more to say; but all the world cannot convince me, that it is proper so to trifle with the delicacy of young and lovely girls, by sending them out to India, avowedly to search for a husband with a princely and extravagant fortune. That happy marriages sometimes take place in this way is certain; but that the generality must necessarily be otherwise, I think, admits of no doubt. Virtuous women are not so very superabundant as to render it necessary to transport our young, and as yet innocent, women to a country at the distance of many thousand leagues from their home. An indifferent foreigner might very well suspect that we wished to render our young virgins just the contrary of what they ought to be, when he sees us take a method that he may indeed very justly suppose to be calculated to destroy that harmony, sweetness, and soft feminine delicacy, which render the sex, particularly the young part, so fascinating. But yet, without them, what are outward charms to a man of honour and nice principle? Nothing! Personal charms may delight the sense, but nothing but modesty and true inward purity can or ought to gain and fix the heart of the man of true worth; and what mother or guardian can desire to see her daughter or ward married to any other?

There is another point of view in which it is manifest that this custom is of the most pernicious tendency; I mean, that it is productive of that most mean and despicable vice, avarice---so hurtful to a young mind in particular: as for being sent out to India, our young girls know the only motive is that of getting them a husband whose fortune may

may be most princely and extravagant, as that of most Indians, I apprehend, is. And can any thing be more destructive to a young and delicate female mind than knowing this, and, at the same time, being sensible that it may be her lot to become the wife of a man of a most violent and disagreeable temper, and quite unfitted to her own? And, then, how unhappy must that young creature live, after having been made the victim of the avarice or ambition of those who, being her friends, ought to have acted as such!

Give me leave to say, Sir, that, in my opinion, this unfortunate and shocking custom is but too often the foundation of many of those unhappy disagreements and differences between the branches of families, which we, alas! so often see in the present day. And I do not think I exceed the bounds of probability, when I say, that it appears to me that this practice may ultimately be one great cause of that most unfortunate subversion of all religion, order, decency, and morality, which has obtained so great a head within the present age, which every feeling mind must so deeply regret: you may easily suppose that I mean that immense number of divorces which we have seen take place within these few years, and which so much disgrace the moral character of this country. Ought we not, therefore, rather to guard against this increase of vice and immorality, than encourage it, by taking away the sweet bewitching delicacy from the minds of our young unprotected countrywomen, without which all other endowments are vain? Undoubtedly we ought. I therefore do and ever will maintain, that the above-mentioned custom should immediately be exploded, before it has overturned all the principles of female delicacy and propriety, to which I fear it is making hasty strides. I would, however, wish to be understood as blaming *only* the practice of sending our young women out to India as adventurers, or, in other words, merely to offer themselves for sale; for I do not object to their going aboad in company with their re-

lations and friends, when it proceeds from a laudable curiosity, and desire of gaining knowledge, which is what the ever-to-be-respected Dr. Watts so much recommends in his Treatise on the Improvement of the Mind.

AMATOR.

London, July 1, 1801.

THE UNFORTUNATE FEMALE.

[Continued from p. 30.]

"BLEST with the society of the object of my affections, and no longer persecuted by the attentions of the being I despised, it might naturally be supposed that I enjoyed tranquility, and that my breast was the mansion of contentment and ease; but, alas! my dear Sir, far different were my sensations, for I felt that I was acting a deceptive part; and, in countenancing the addresses of my beloved Edwards, acting in opposition to a parent's decree.

"This warfare between affection and inclination in a few weeks was brought to a close: Mr. C—— returned, and brought a letter from his father, making the most advantageous proposals for his son. Mine was too much flattered, by what he termed the Earl's condescension, to listen to the intreaties of his unhappy child; and, in an authoritative tone (which he had never before made use of), commanded me to consider myself as Mr. C——'s wife.

"Every feeling of my soul seemed suspended by this mandate; and, in an agony of apprehension, I threw myself upon my knees, confessed my partiality for the too-captivating Edwards, yet offered to resign him upon condition of being no longer persecuted by Mr. C——.

'Matilda,' said my father in a determined accent, 'you have hitherto been the solace and the comfort of my life; can you, then, embitter its dregs by an act of disobedience, or teach me to lament the hour that made me father of a child?

child? To Mr. C—— I have not only given encouragement, but have absolutely promised you should become his wife; and the sycophant who has so artfully supplanted him every man of honour must absolutely despise.'

"At the close of this sentence the door opened, and the servant announced my ill-fated lover's name. 'Sir,' said my father, the moment he entered, 'from henceforth I forbid you from entering this house: you have conducted yourself in a manner unbecoming a gentleman, and have entirely forfeited both my countenance and esteem.'—'As the father of the woman whom I adore,' said the astonished Edwards, 'I can pardon the injustice of the charge you have alledged; but permit me to assure you, Sir, no other individual, with impunity, should have accused me of conduct to be condemned. Mr. C—— informed me, previous to my introduction, that he had no hopes of obtaining a place in your daughter's heart, as it was evident she felt a repugnance to his addresses, and he did not even flatter himself that he could gain her esteem. Was it not, then, a proof of want of delicacy to persevere in attentions that were ungraciously received? And may we not, naturally, attribute them to a self-interested motive, rather than a lively tenderness and esteem?'—'Sir,' replied my father choked with indignation, 'your sentiments and mine totally disagree; and the motives you have ascribed to Mr. C——'s conduct I firmly believe to have actuated your own.' So saying, he rang the bell violently, and ordered the servant to open the door.

"During this alarming conversation, a thousand agonizing apprehensions rushed into my mind, which were, in some degree, quieted by the retreat of Edwards, and my father taking me affectionately upon his knee. 'My beloved Matilda,' said this once fond parent, 'I absolutely grieve at the state of your heart; but a little exertion will conquer this childish prepossession, and render you worthy of my friend C——'s esteem. Go, my love,' continued

tinued he, observing my agitation; 'retire for a little time to your own room, and endeavour to regain that cheerfulness and composure which is absolutely essential to your father's peace.'

"It was in vain that I endeavoured to conquer my partiality, or tried to reconcile myself to the idea of becoming Mr. C——'s wife; the image of Edwards presented itself before me, suspected of artifice, and accused of intrigue. My mind was, in this state of painful agitation, tortured with the conflicts of duty and love, when my maid entered, with a palid countenance, holding this letter in her trembling hand.

'TO MATILDA.

'To give uneasiness to a breast I would die to shield from anguish, or to wound a heart I am solicitous to save from every pain, is an employment completely distressing—yet, dearest Matilda, I must be brief.

'Scarcely had I quitted your father's presence, with a mind agitated by the recent scene, than I was accosted by your admirer in a strain of opprobrious language, and accused of being actuated by principles unmanly and mean. I knew my Matilda's detestation to the practice of duelling, and bore more than I thought my nature could have sustained; but, at length, roused beyond the power of endurance, I chastised his insolence with my cane.

'The consequence of what I fear you will term rashness, was an agreement to meet instantly in Hyde Park, where, I assure you, my beloved, I merely acted upon the defensive; yet his impetuosity occasioned the forfeiture of his life; for the determined resolution he displayed to complete my destruction, made him absolutely rush upon my blade; and, in merely attempting to preserve my own existence, I had the misfortune to send a fellow-creature to the grave!

'Oh, Matilda! dear object of my affection! and must I for ever be banished from thy sight? say, my adored angel,

angel, that you will not detest me—or will you enable me to bear this horrid load of life! My second insists upon the necessity of my removal to some remote spot where my person may be safe, and assures me that, in spite of poor C——'s powerful connexions, my character can neither be censured nor blamed.

'But, dearest Matilda, have I not forfeited every pretension to your affection? and can you still condescend to honour me with your esteem? or have my ill stars destined, that, by this unfortunate action, I have embittered every future moment of my life? This must be the case if you reject me, and deprive me of the hope of calling you my wife.

'If such, my beloved, should be your sensations, in mercy reveal them without disguise; for I can support certainty with greater fortitude than apprehension, and will for ever banish myself from your sight.

'I have written this letter in a state of agitation which can never be expressed, and can scarcely be conceived; and my faithful Thomas has orders to await your answer, whilst his unhappy master must have recourse to flight.

'Adieu! dear Matilda, sole object of my tenderness! Drive me not, if possible, from your affection, and support me with the hope of existing in your esteem.

'May guardian angels protect my beloved Matilda, is the ardent prayer of the ill-fated

'FREDERICK E——.'

"It is impossible to describe the variety of emotions with which I perused an epistle so calculated to give me pain; but gratitude to Heaven for the preservation of my beloved Frederick, in a few minutes, I found, prevailed. Again he appeared in the light of a murderer, who had robbed my father's friend of his life. Was it possible he could ever consent to our alliance? or could I bring the gray hairs of such a parent with sorrow to the grave?"

"Whilst

" Whilst these ideas were successively passing in my tortured and agitated mind, my father rushed into my apartment, with a countenance expressive of regret and grief.

' Matilda,' said he in a voice of persuasion, ' can you refuse the request of a dying friend? The unfortunate C—— can no longer pain you with importunities, but he tells me your presence would smooth even the bed of death! Come, my dear girl; I perceive by your countenance you will endeavour to comply with his last request.'

" As my father finished this sentence, he glanced his eye upon the letter which I still held in my hand, and in the severest terms condemned me for having entered into a correspondence with a being who had treacherously murdered his friend.

" In vain I endeavoured to remove my father's prejudice, and convince him that Edwards had not been to blame: he absolutely forbade my replying to the letter, and I was forced to depute that employment to my maid; and whilst he was censuring my conduct to my ill-fated lover, and declaring he would for ever renounce me as his child, Mr. C——'s servant arrived, almost breathless with apprehension, declaring that his master was in the agonies of death; and I had no method of softening my father's displeasure but by consenting to fulfil his friend's request.

" As I approached the apartment that contained the object of my aversion, I was seized with an unusual terror and dread, and my father, perceiving how much I was agitated, tried, by an assurance of his forgiveness, to reanimate my mind. The apparently dying man was supported in the arms of his surgeon, and a clergyman was kneeling on the other side the bed, who arose from that posture upon our entrace, and directed his eyes towards me with an expressive shake of the head.

' My dear C——,' said my father, in a voice of tenderness, and drawing me gently towards the bedside, ' Matilda is come to offer you her pity and commiseration,

tion, and to intreat that, for her sake, you will endeavour to be resigned.'

'For her sake! he replied, in a voice scarcely articulate; 'for her sake it is that I must give up my life: but ten thousand lives would I forfeit in the vindication of her honour whom I had fondly hoped would one day become my wife. And, oh!' continued he, 'could I but in death possess her, the grisly monster would appear with smiles.'

"At the close of this speech he appeared so completely exhausted, that I actually thought he was drawing his last breath, when my father seized that moment to implore me to consent, without delay, to his friend's request. In this solicitation he was joined by the clergyman, who told me he had a license in his pocket which could be immediately filled, and concluded by saying, that, as a christian, it was my duty to tranquilize the last moments of a dying man's life.

"Again C—— appeared to revive from the languor, which, though occasioned by faintness, had the appearance of death; and, after telling me he knew that his moments were numbered, he again implored me to become his wife.

"Though my heart sunk at the idea of entering into the engagement, yet there appeared something inhuman in refusing a dying man's request; and whilst my father was in earnest conversation with him, the surgeon slipped a piece of paper into my hand, on which was written, 'The wound is not mortal, and the faintness is occasioned by loss of blood.'

"In one moment I saw through the whole of the deception, and felt grateful to the being through whose confidence I had escaped; yet, to avoid the snare that had been spread for my destruction, seemed absolutely to require supernatural aid.

"The agitation of my mind displayed itself in my countenance, and my father, perceiving I looked very faint, proposed that I should retire into an outward apartment, whilst they prepared the deed which was to decide my fate. No sooner had I availed myself of this permission than I

was

was joined by my new friend, who I found was the intimate acquaintance of my beloved Frederick, who had accidentally passed through Hyde Park; and though at the first appearance of Mr. C—— he had thought the wound mortal, yet upon examination he found there was no danger of his life.

"To this worthy man alone I could apply for protection, and he kindly offered me an asylum in his house, promised to discover the place of my lover's concealment, and assured me that the present moment was the only one that could secure our flight.

(To be continued.)

To the Editor of the Lady's Monthly Museum.

MR. EDITOR,

TO a man whose time is unoccupied by any profession, and who is able to indulge any favourite pursuit, I conceive no employment can be more interesting than that of studying the human mind; for the diversity of opinions displayed by different characters, if they do not improve us, must, doubtless, entertain.

A friend of mine, whose remote distance from the metropolis had prevented me from enjoying his society for many years, at length complied with my earnest solicitation; and, after being fifteen summers separated, we had the happiness to meet. I will not attempt to describe the delightful sensations I experienced at enfolding the companion of my youth in my arms, or tell you what I felt at observing the alteration which such length of time had produced in his face.

As a young man, I recollected that his chief entertainment had been derived from studying the different characters which the countenance displayed; and I have often heard him declare that he received more instruction from the conversa-

conversation of a peasant than from that of many men of science and sense. "The peasant," he would say, "will give his unsophisticated sentiments, and you may clearly perceive that they spring from the heart; but the man of science is always studying to call forth admiration, and the feelings of the heart are taught to yield to the powers of the head."

After several hours spent in reciprocal communications respecting circumstances which had occurred within the last fifteen years, I informed my friend I had promised to attend my wife to the theatre, and enquired whether he would accompany us, or whether he was too much fatigued.

"My dear Ned," he replied, "I have taken this long journey not only for the pleasure of enjoying the society of an old friend, but for the purpose of enlarging my favourite study, and observing something new in the human race. I certainly," continued he, "shall visit your plays and puppet shows, though not merely for the sake of seeing Dame Nature disgraced, for I trust I shall be able to find entertainment from some eccentric being whom I may encounter there."

We had not been in the box more than an hour, when I observed my friend's eyes directed towards a girl about eighteen, who, from being alone and unprotected, I concluded to be a disciple of the Cyprian Queen's. There was something in her appearance peculiarly attractive; and the blush of fading modesty still played upon her cheek, whilst her downcast eyes seemed to avoid the gaze of observation; and, though I saw he had addressed her, I perceived she did not speak.

As my wife and another lady were of the party, I thought it necessary to make my friend acquainted with the opinion I entertained, when his countenance not only proved that he discredited the assertion, but blamed me for condemning a character he thought spotless and unstained.

My attention was soon withdrawn from this early victim of sensuality by the interest I took in the transactions of the stage, and a quarter of an hour elapsed before I thought of observing whether my friend had paid any attention to my advice; when, judge of the astonishment I must have experienced at finding that both himself and the object of his solicitude had withdrawn from the house. I immediately made my companions acquainted with my apprehensions, and left them to the care of a gentleman on whom I could depend; but all my endeavours to discover the fugitives did not answer the desired end; and, until one o'clock the next morning, I laboured under the most painful suspense.

The moment my friend entered, I perceived by his countenance that his time had been occupied in some interesting delight; for the traces of sensibility were still to be distinguished, though pleasure and gratification were easily to be seen.

"I have to make you, my dear Ned, a thousand apologies," said the benevolent fellow, at the same time taking me affectionately by the hand; "but, upon my soul! if I had been in company with a monarch, I could not have resisted the impulse that animated my breast.——I confess, I thought you unjust and illiberal in deciding so positively upon that poor girl's state; and, as I felt convinced she could not be vicious though she might be unfortunate, an impulse of compassion interested me in her fate; in consequence of which I wrote upon the back of a letter, 'Pity will secure an asylum for Distress:—if you are really unhappy, withdraw immediately from this public scene.'

"This paper I slipped into the unfortunate girl's hand, who, after perusing it with emotion, arose from her seat; but her whole frame appeared so violently agitated, that I every moment expected she would faint; I, therefore, supported her into the lobby, and sent one of the attendants to call us a coach. Whilst I was endeavouring to reanimate the lovely creature's spirits, and trying to convince her

her she had found a real friend, we were accosted by one of those female harpies who are the abhorrence of our sex, and the disgrace of their own.

'You have been fortunate in your first essay, Eliza,' said the Jezebel, 'to attract the attention of so handsome a gentleman and of such a portly mien; and, I assure your honour, there is no lodging-house in London where you will meet with accommodations equal to mine—and, I am sure,' continued she, 'your honour is very lucky, for I promised the Duke of ——, who will be here to-night; but his grace really possesses so few personal attractions, that it would have been a pity to have sacrificed so lovely a child——'

"This disgusting harangue was fortunately interrupted by the arrival of the person who had called the coach; when, turning to the wretch who had excited my detestation, I informed her that the lady under my protection would no longer require her care. Instead of 'your honour,' or the 'handsome gentleman,' she instantly began loading me with abuse; and, had I not fortunately encountered Sir Charles Penton (who is pretty well acquainted with the ways of the town), I must either have resigned the object of my solicitude, or consented to have paid her persecutor the sum of a hundred pounds.

"As soon as matters were adjusted between us, and my trembling companion saw herself released from the wretch's snares, she threw herself at my feet, called me her preserver, and implored the Almighty to pour blessings on my head.

"This innocent girl, it seems, is the daughter of a country curate, and was sent up to town to learn the millinery trade, under the care of an old domestic who unfortunately broke her leg in getting out of the stage; and that abandoned monster, accidentally passing, was struck with the beauty of the lovely creature's face, and, under the pretence of carrying her to her intended protectress, insidiously conveyed her to the abode of sin, where she had been cautiously

tiously concealed, for fear of enquiries, and undergone a thorough alteration of dress. Yesterday evening was the first time she had made her appearance for the purpose of attracting attention and sacrificing her fame; but Providence kindly ordained that I should be her preserver, and has given me a degree of happiness I never before attained.

"The moment we left the theatre, my fair charge requested that I would immediately conduct her to the milliner's house, as she apprehended the lady would have suffered some anxiety at her not having arrived at the time that had been named. The coachman had scarcely articulated the name of my companion, than our ears were saluted with a violent scream, and a female flew towards the coach with an air of distraction that gave me an idea she was absolutely insane. The lovely Eliza, in one moment, sprang forward, and the next was encircled in a maternal embrace, whilst the alarmed apprehension of an affectionate parent was visible in every feature of her face. My heart suggested the anguish of a mother's sensations at the idea of the dangers to which a beloved child had been exposed, and instantly relieved the alarming apprehensions which I evidently perceived occupied her mind, when the enraptured parent sunk upon her knees, and poured out her thanks to that Almighty Protector who had so miraculously preserved a beloved child.

"This affecting scene, I assure you, my dear Edward, must have been witnessed to be accurately conceived; but I know that I would, every month, make a journey to London to purchase a repetition of delights like these."

The purport of this letter, Mr. Editor, was to inform you that I think, during my friend's residence in town, I shall be able to transmit you a few communications that will not be likely to disgrace your design.

I have the honour to be, Sir, with every sentiment of approbation, your real admirer and sincere friend,

EDWARD CONWAY.

Half Moon Street, June 5.

Letter

Letter to the Editor of the Lady's Monthly Museum,

WITH

SOME HISTORICAL REMARKS ON THE LATE QUEEN OF DENMARK.

MR. EDITOR,

THOUGH I am one of those unfortunate race of beings whom the generality of females either condemn or despise, yet I feel myself peculiarly interested in their welfare, and should rejoice if I could augment the few pleasures of their lives.

There is something, I allow, in the very appellation of Old Bachelor that either conveys an idea of apathy or spleen; yet it is possible, Mr. Editor, to possess the title, and still be tremblingly alive to the misfortunes attached to the human race. The loss of an object on whom the heart doted with a fondness that must be felt to be perfectly conceived, may have so completely destroyed the sources of affection, that they no longer flow in their natural stream; but, centered in the tomb of her who inspired them, remain as trophies of tenderness, sorrow, and esteem.

The man, Sir, who has experienced a delicate attachment, feels a kind of interesting solicitude towards the whole sex, which is strengthened by reflecting upon their unprotected situation, and the variety of evils they are exposed to in this transitory life. Endowed by Nature both with softness and sensibility, they have even stronger claims upon our tenderness than they have upon our care; and the woman who finds herself either ill-treated or neglected, has much to offer as an apology for incurring censure or blame.

The disposition of man is, by nature, tyrannical; yet, when in pursuit of any object, he is both subservient and tame: hence we observe the alteration of conduct which, after marriage, so frequently takes place—when the unfor-

tunate female finds she has bestowed her affections upon a character which has existed merely in her brain. Instead of the assiduous tender companion, solicitous to promote her pleasure and peace, she finds herself united to a churlish tyrant, who neither treats her with tenderness, gentleness, nor esteem; yet expects her to sacrifice her own inclinations, and do every thing that may tend to contribute to his ease.

To a mind endowed with exquisite feeling, few things are capable of wounding it equal to neglect; and to those who have endeavoured to triumph over conjugal fidelity, it has been of more service than all the arts they could invent.

Amongst the number of females whose efforts and misfortunes have excited the sympathy and censure of mankind, few have called forth the former sentiment equal to the Royal Personage whose history I shall sketch, as the observations I have been led to make upon the misconduct of husbands have been produced by an impartial account of her life.

Caroline Matilda, Queen of Denmark, and younger sister of George the Third, possessed those personal and mental attractions which at once please and impress the heart; yet we are told that the being who ought to have acknowledged their influence treated her with the utmost coldness and neglect, and, instead of fondly guarding the trust reposed in him, exposed it to the inclemency of a foreign clime *.

"A young and amiable Queen," says her historian, "saw herself neglected by her husband, whilst she was an object of respect and homage with every one else; and it could hardly be supposed that, in so contagious an atmosphere, her character could be entirely unblamed."

* A short time after the King of Denmark's marriage he quitted his dominions, and visited this and several other foreign courts. This happened in the year 1768.

The

The attentions of Struensee, the King's favourite, and a man whom his power and affection had raised, soon became the subject of public conversation, and the generality of the people condemned the Queen; for she not only daily rode out with him on horseback, but generally admitted him to private parties every night; and though it is positively known that they were never without other company, yet such decided marks of preference were undoubtedly to be blamed.

The enemies of Matilda, and the partizans of the Queen Dowager, represented her conduct in the most censurable light; and the King, at length, by their artful insinuations, began to doubt the fidelity of his wife; yet it was with the utmost difficulty he could be prevailed upon to give an order for her confinement, which, when once executed, ended but with her life.

This order was concise, though respectful; and stated that the King, for reasons of a private nature, wished her to remove to one of the royal palaces in the country for a few days. But the unfortunate Matilda saw through the designs of her enemies, and, in all the terror of apprehension, flew to the apartment of the King; and, had not her persecutors prevented the interview, in all probability his confidence would have been regained.

The peculiar sweetness of the Queen's disposition never manifested itself so completely as when she was confined; and, as the human mind naturally takes an interest in the affairs of the unfortunate, her admirers increased from her entrance into Zell *. The person of Matilda was more than agreeable; for she was, doubtless, handsome, though rather large; her complexion was fair, her eyes eloquent, her feelings susceptible, her manners refined, and, when her history is better known and more impartially appreciated, posterity will be inclined to do justice to her shade. If she is not placed amongst the number of great characters, she

* The castle of Zell, where the Queen of Denmark was confined.

will

will be ranked amongst those whom we pity and esteem; for her errors were the effect of situation, example, and court-seduction, not of artifice, depravity, or design; and they, doubtless, were over-balanced by her misfortunes, and the fortitude with which she supported the most trying events of life.

Those who were most inclined to commiserate the Queen's misfortunes have not scrupled to accuse her enemies of her death; but there is no reason to be assigned for this accusation, except an appearance of putridity immediately after the departure of her breath: and this will be proved by the following account, which was given by her valet to one of my friends*.

"The Queen, who was of a plethoric habit, had always been subject to inflammations in her throat; and the weather, at the time she died, was uncommonly warm. On Thursday the 4th of May 1775, she arose, as was her custom, very early in the morn; and the ladies, who attended her in a walking excursion, could not even persuade her to put on a cloak. Her Majesty was absent full two hours, and I observed that she looked extremely fatigued. 'Mantel,' said she, as she entered the castle, 'I am not well. I am tired, and have passed a very restless night.' I brought in breakfast, but she continued very languid; yet appeared at dinner, though she could not eat, and in the afternoon complained of a pain in her throat. In the evening the card-tables were placed, but she was too much indisposed to attempt to play; yet reclined upon a sofa, and appeared interested in the diversion until my apprehensions were alarmed at seeing her so ill; when I entreated her to send for Leyser the physician, and consent to be immediately put to bed. As soon as Leyser was gone, who appeared alarmed at her situation—'Mantel,' said the Queen, 'I am very ill, and fully believe that I shall die.'

* See Wraxall's Memoirs of the Court of Berlin, Vol. I. p. 78.

"On

"On the ensuing day the symptoms became worse, and, on the following one, an eruption appeared over her whole frame; and Zimmerman, the celebrated Hanoverian physician, was sent for, but gave us no hopes of her life, as he declared her disorder to be a putrid fever of the most dangerous and malignant kind. On the Monday the Queen's voice began to grow inarticulate, though her senses remained perfectly clear; and she repeatedly commanded me to leave her, and conjured me to take both refreshment and sleep. On Wednesday, the 10th of May, I perceived her dissolution approaching, and at eleven o'clock in the evening she expired."

This unfortunate Queen died in her twenty-fourth year, loved and regretted by all her friends.

With a mind so calculated to adorn society, how much is it to be deplored that her amiable qualities should have been thrown into a shade! yet, had her fate been united to a man of sense and sensibility, in what a different light might she not have been placed! How frequently do we observe a Caroline Matilda (though destined to walk in a sphere below that of a Queen) deviating from that delicate walk of propriety so essential to the preservation of a female's fame, merely from pique at a husband's inattentions, or from a desire of rekindling an expiring flame!

If these observations, Mr. Editor, should be able to produce any effect upon the minds of husbands, or tend to promote the happiness of the married life, my motive will be completely answered; and, though an Old Bachelor, the ladies may consider me as a Friend.

Finsbury Square, June 3, 1801.

PUBLIC

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

July 24. A New Musical Entertainment in Two Acts, called "THE GIPSEY PRINCE," was presented for the first time; the principal characters being as follow, and thus represented:

Don Roderick (the Inquisitor), Mr. Suett; Don Dominick (Corregidor), Mr. Emery; Gipsey Prince, Mr. Kelly; Rincon, Mr. Fawcett; an Old Jew, Mr. Atkins; Gipsies, Master Menage and Mr. Abbot:——Antonio (niece to Don Roderick), Mrs. Mountain; Poppee and Lachimee (Hindu gipsey women), Miss Tyrer and Miss B. Menage; Blanch, Miss Gaudry.

A corps of gipsies make their appearance in a remote province of Spain, who had been brought from the East Indies by a young man of great personal accomplishments, but of unknown parentage. He is styled their King, and from his adventures arise the chief business of the piece. He meets two of the officers of the Inquisition dragging a poor old Jew to prison; his virtuous indignation is excited at this outrage, and, after wounding an Alguazil, he restores the Jew to liberty. The matter, however, is immediately laid before the Grand Inquisitor, and all the engines of the secret tribunal are set to work to detect the sacrilegious heretic. The Gipsey, after many strange adventures, seeks for shelter in the garden of the Corregidor, and there finds playing upon her guitar his lovely daughter. The susceptible Antonia falls in love with him at first sight, conceals him in a pavilion, and supplies him with food. Her disinterested passion meets with a suitable return; and the enamoured Gipsey, who, weary of wandering a vagabond over the face of the earth, had a few hours ago professed himself tired of existence, would now wish to pass an eternity in the arms of his mistress. The Fates seem to have decreed

creed that their rapture should be short-lived, and to have sent Hope only to flatter and deceive them. His Egyptic Majesty is discovered, brought before the dread tribunal of the Inquisition, and sentenced to die. He is now asked to give an account of himself; and, in the course of his speech, he declares that he knew not his parents; but that while a child he had been brought into Hindustan by his uncle, a Spanish missionary, of the name of Alvarez. The Grand Inquisitor (who had long before told us of the loss of an only son) trembles as he hears, and at last finds that this is his long lost Sebastian. For once he relaxes from his inquisitorial rigour; Sebastian is pardoned, Antonia is given to him in marriage by his uncle's friend Old Roderick, the Corregidor, and the curtain drops.

This piece is said to be the production of a Mr. Moore. The characters are numerous; the dialogue lively, if not very witty; the incidents entertaining, though not novel: but the whole serves as a vehicle for some admirable music by Kelly, and most of the songs were encored.

Fawcett represents a humorous servant of the Corregidor, and excited much merriment by the manner in which he sustained the character.

The Entertainment was announced for future representation with great applause, and has since been frequently repeated.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE

Has brought forward, since our last, a new Ballet Divertisement, called "THE PRIZE; or, *The Little Trader;*" a Comic Pantomime, intitled "THE FAIRY; or, *Harlequin Prisoner;*" and a Grand Spectacle, called "FAIR ROSAMOND; or, *Woodstock Bower,*" founded on a well-known traditionary fact in the time of Henry the Second. The interesting situations, novel and comic incidents, and general splendor of decoration by which these pieces are distinguished,

distinguished, together with the horsemanship of Mr. West, and the flying feats of agility of Mr. Ireland, have brought crowded and elegant audiences to this Theatre nightly, and swelled the treasury-purse of its active and enterprising Manager.

THE ROYAL CIRCUS

Has found a host of strength and a magnet of attraction in "THE FIRE KING; or, *Albert and Rosalie*," and "BRITISH GLORY IN EGYPT." But a system of change and variety, creditable to the spirit of the Managers, has led to the annunciation of a new and splendid Comic Pantomime.

MR. PORTER'S PICTURE OF THE SIEGE OF ACRE,

Exhibiting at the Lyceum in the Strand, having established its claims to public attention and general admiration, that ingenious artist has found confidential persons to attend and accommodate the company that daily resort thither, while he himself makes the tour of Germany; the numerous picturesque scenes of which he will view with the eye of an artist, and, no doubt, will avail himself of every opportunity to furnish out a future treat for those who are admirers of that elegant Art, by his skill in which he has laid the firm foundation of fame and fortune.

VAUXHALL GARDENS

Have been this season very successful, and deservedly so. The Gala nights especially have been remarkably well attended.

Cabinet

BRITISH MUSEUM
31
19
OCT

Morning Dresses for August 1801.

Keep Milliner Pall Mall.

Evening Dresses for August 1801.

Wirgman, Hanover Street, Hanover Square.

BRITISH
MUSEUM
3
49
OCT

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

MORNING DRESSES.

1. The Britannia bonnet in straw. A cloak of white muslin, trimmed with lace close to the body, with a part loose, in the Spanish manner, falling from the shoulders. A light green muslin gown, plain. Shoes straw-coloured. Gloves of the same, or York tan.

2. A muslin bonnet of lilac and white, trimmed with white lace. The gown lilac muslin. A Spencer cloak of white muslin. Gloves white net. Shoes white.

AFTERNOON DRESSES.

3. A Spanish hat of white muslin, trimmed with a wreath of yellow flowers and gold tassels. The jacket, in the French style, of white muslin trimmed with lace; the upper sleeves turned up with Vandykes; a square cape; the skirts buttoned back.

4. A chencil bonnet, pink, with feathers of the same. The gown of pink muslin, the back gathered in close plaits; loose falling sleeves full on the shoulders, and terminating in a point; trimmed with buttons, twist, and tassels, of pink silk. Gloves and shoes white.

School of Arts.

NO. XXXIII.

To Pickle small Cucumbers.

TAKE them fresh from the garden, and put them into a brass pan, with vine leaves under and over, and a little bay salt; let them scald very slow, strain them off, and dry them in a cloth. Then boil fresh vinegar, some

mace, and a little allspice, and pour it boiling hot over them; repeat it twice, leaving a day between: then cover them up for use.

To Pickle Mushrooms.

Take your mushrooms, fresh gathered; throw them into water, a few at a time; rub them with a linen cloth till they look white, and put them into salt and water as you do them: then put them into a saucepan without any water, and warm them four or five times; then strain them off, dry them well in a cloth, and put them into your glasses; add to them mace, nutmeg, white wine vinegar, and a little oil on the top, and stop them up for use.

To make Catsup.

Take a peck of large flaps, lay them in a pan, strew them well over with salt, press them down, and let them stand twenty-four hours: then strain them off without squeezing, put it into a saucepan, and, when it boils, scum it very clean: then pour it into a pan, and let it stand till cold; pour it off clean, and add some mace, sliced nutmeg, allspice, and a few corns of black pepper; let all these boil a quarter of an hour, and, when cold, put it into your bottles, with some of the spice in each, and cork it up for use.

To make Walnut Catsup.

To a pint of the juice of green walnuts add one pound of anchovies, a quarter of an ounce of mace, some cloves, and thirty pepper-corns; boil it till the anchovies are dissolved: then strain it off, and add half a pint of good vinegar and eight large shallots, and boil all together till the shallots are tender.

The

The Apollonian Wreath.

A POETIC EPISTLE TO A FRIEND,

Who had requested the Author's Advice in the Choice of a Husband.

HOW came you, Maria, to think or suppose
I could give a receipt in the choice of your beaux?
Or lay axioms down for the rule of your life,
In selecting the man who's to call you his wife?
You tell me "Five lovers implore and complain,
"Yet you still feel averse to be fix'd to that chain
"Which precludeth your tasting of freedom again."
Still, in the next line you say, "Wretched, or blest,
"Old Maid is a term you so firmly detest,
"That, rather than suffer that horrible fate,
"You'd marry a being you perfectly hate."
Then add, that one lover is subject to spleen;
That the second is fickle, the third rather mean;
That the fourth is too moral, too prim, and precise,
Yet his temper is good, and his feelings are nice;
The fifth you declare is a fine dashing man,
A highland by birth, of an excellent clan;
Yet this martial assailant your friends disapprove,
Because they believe he's a stranger to love;
That your fortune's the magnet that draweth his soul,
Tho' he swears he's as true as the point* to the pole.

* Alluding to the magnetic Needle.

Five lovers at once! do set vanity bounds,
And remember the charm of twice ten thousand pounds.
But now for these sighers, who beg, or complain,
Each ardently trying his wish to obtain:
Your beau that's splenetic, for God's sake discard---
A bad temper, Maria, destroyeth regard;
'Tis the bane of contentment, the acid of life,
That corrodes what is near it, but tortures a wife.
The fickle admirer ne'er try to retain;
If he veers as a lover ne'er think Hymen's chain
Could keep him secure---so e'en let him go:
And now, my dear girl, for your poor paltry beau,
Then let me declare, I have never yet seen
One virtue arise from a heart that is mean.
The man of morality next lays his claim,
Yet morality scarcely exists but in name;
But if such, my Maria, this fourth beau should prove,
'Tis at once a foundation for friendship and love;
A fabric on which you may firmly repose,
If the gale of misfortune successively blows.
And who, my dear girl, in this swift-changing scene,
Can say that their prospects were always serene?
The brightest perspective may possibly fade,
And the sun that's effulgent may set in a shade:
His temper you praise, and declare that his mind
Is polish'd by feeling, and highly refin'd;
Then wherefore, my love, do you still remain blind?
Alas! poor Maria, the fine dashing beau
I fear has created no transient glow
In that gentle bosom---but beware of the light;
The Ignis, you know, burneth perfectly bright,
Yet still it misleads and conducteth astray:
But do you, my dear girl, keep that straight-forward way
Which friendship directs, as a dasher for life
Seldom tries to promote the bliss of a wife.

July 4, 1801.

STANZAS TO A SICK FRIEND.

YE spirits pure, that float around
To me that dear and hallow'd ground
Which I would linger nigh;
From blest Elysium hither bring,
And borne upon your balmy wing,
Each healing angel's sigh.

Where

Where Kath'rine leans her fev'rish cheek,
Do ye the smiling zephyrs wake
To fan the fires away;
And when stern anguish tears her breast,
Let seraph's lull those pangs to rest,
And watch the weary day.

But menials guard thy couch of pain;
They see thine asking eye in vain,
They serve, but cannot soothe:
Thy lonely chamber stealing round,
Some hireling nurse is only found
Thy pillow'd head to smooth.

When darkest midnight dies the pole,
And, wrapt in slumber's soft control,
The world's wide people lie;
Thy tossing form, and tir'd soul,
Count sad the minute's silent roll,
And wish the light were nigh.

Unconscious friend! 'tis not alone—
The stars that list thy smother'd groan
My anxious heart can hear;
Long vigils does my fancy keep,
The passing moon-beams see me weep
That thee I am not near.

JOVANNA.

THE COTTAGE.

BY the side of a stream, at the foot of a hill,
In a neat little cot that was join'd to a mill,
Liv'd a family blest with sweet smiling content;
And the neighbours caress'd them wherever they went.

For old Ralph was a man of devotion and truth,
Who had walk'd with his God from the morning of youth;
And the close of his life, like an ev'ning in May,
Seem'd to promise the cloudless return of the day.

His partner was all that a partner should be;
She was pious and modest, yet cheerful and free:
All her household affairs she could manage with ease;
And the joy of her heart was her husband to please.

Heaven blest them with children, but took them again;
So that now only Ralph and his partner remain.
At the church, in the village, at market or fair,
They were known by the name of the *happy old pair*.

When the stranger sat down by the side of the way,
Overcome by his toils, or the heat of the day,
Poor old Ralph would invite him, with hearty good-will,
To take rest in the cottage that stood by the mill.

When the wild blasts of winter roar'd fearfully round,
And the oaks of the forest were torn from the ground,
When the snow-drifting cloud in the valley was spread,
And the dark shades of night fill'd the trav'ller with dread;

In poor Ralph's little cottage a shelter he found,
Where the neat blazing hearth shed its lustre around;
While with sweet social converse the night stole away,
And the trav'ller forgot all the toils of the day.

They had no secret treasure, they pitied the poor;
They reliev'd ev'ry beggar that came to their door:
Forty winters they liv'd on that sweet little spot,
And the owners of kingdoms might envy their lot.

But, alas! unexpected, their old landlord died;
And his heir, a young upstart, the vassal of pride,
Said poor Ralph's little cottage disfigur'd his grounds,
For he there had determin'd to kennel his hounds.

So the mill and the cottage were order'd away;
And poor Ralph and his partner no longer could stay.
How the neighbours all wept as they walk'd up the hill,
When the workmen began to demolish the mill!

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

To the poor-house they went, where each day may be seen
Poor old Ralph, at the window that looks o'er the green
Where his cottage once stood; and is oft heard to say,
While he sighs from his heart, "Well-a-day! well-a-day!"

SEPARA-

SEPARATION.

THE worst of tortures Fate can find
To lacerate the feeling mind,
Or rob the soul of rest,
Is when its adverse laws ordain
That Separation's pow'rful pain,
Should agonize the breast.

Oh! 'tis an anguish too severe
For even Hope to soothe, or cheer,
Though deck'd in radiance bright;
For, like dense vapours which arise,
And cast a gloom upon the skies,
It soon obscures her light.

Its torturing pangs, alas! are found
More poignant than the keenest wound,
That venom'd darts can send;
For fortitude can suffer pain,
But, oh! to part, and not again
Rejoin, a much lov'd friend,

Corrodes, as well as pains, the heart,
Makes ev'ry nerve with anguish smart,
And ev'ry bliss destroys;
Remembrance, with officious zeal,
Increases ev'ry pang we feel,
Recurring to past joys.

And oft, amidst the gloom of night,
It brings Louisa to my sight,
Then leaves me to deplore;
In ev'ry dream I likewise see
Some tender proof of love tow'rds me,
And, waking, feel 'tis o'er.

Ah! no, though distance may divide,
Affection still will be her guide;
Still, like the needle true,
Her thoughts will turn towards that pole
Which seem'd to guide her chasten'd soul,
Though not within her view.

And Mem'ry's pencil oft shall paint,
In colours neither cold nor faint,
The portrait of a friend;
On whom, through ev'ry scene of life,
Whether of pleasure, pain, or strife,
She firmly may depend.

Then, why should Separation's pow'r
Impress with gloom each future hour,
Why ev'ry bliss destroy?
Still our united thoughts shall greet,
And, though divided, they shall meet,
And thus partake of joy.

June 15, 1801.

TO SUSANNAH,

On receiving a collateral Intimation to dedicate some Verses to her.

BOLD his attempt that e'er aspires
To speak her praise his soul admires,
Since all the language of the earth
Can ill pourtray a woman's worth.
Yet oft will lovely woman listen
To jingling words that falsely glisten;
And he shall oft the best prevail
Who can their ears the most assail:
The grossest adulation's sure
The lightest woman to secure,
She only flatt'ry can endure.
E'en some there are so vainly blind
To their defects, that they will find
Each charm in fancy their false lovers
Lavish as freely upon others;
And oft a Miss, extoll'd a grace,
With practis'd smiles and glass grimace,
Will shine in fancy more than face;
And she that loves her sex to quiz
Shall oft'ner sport the queerer phiz.
A man who flatters to the Fair
May oft succeed, but should beware
Of her whose wisdom will discern,
And the light weapon smartly turn,

With

With quick retort and dexterous art,
The feeble effort at her heart,
And quit exchange with threefold smart.

Thus---but no more---these lines to you,
Receive them as a tribute due
To sense, to excellence, and Sue.

CAROLUS.

June 20, 1801.

THE GOLDFINCH.

A GOLDFINCH my fair one had caught,
She rear'd with assiduous care;
And exultingly heard, whilst she taught,
It twitter'd a musical air.

Its beauty still equall'd its song,
And all who admir'd its strains
Declar'd that Maria, e'er long,
Would be amply repaid for her pains.

A cage, too, my fair one procur'd,
Which had nothing its views to restrain;
For the songster was safely secur'd
To its perch with a glittering chain.

Thus jocund, each morning it hail'd,
Expanding its warbling throat;
Whilst my fair one, with pleasure, ne'er fail'd
To list to its varying note.

But, anxious its cage to adorn,
A mirror its mansion illumes,
By which, as she fancied, at morn
It would smile on its beautiful plumes.

No sooner appear'd the bright dawn,
Than the songster with pleasure beheld
Its shadow the mirror had shown,
And its bosom with rapture o'erswell'd.

Each

Each varied position it tries---
It flutter'd its beautiful wing;
When, sudden, it droop'd in surprise,
And for ever it ceased to sing.

My fair one in vain sought the cause---
I saw that her trouble was great,
And, anxious to lighten her woes,
Thus solved the riddle of Fate.

"The mirror, my fair one, has been
"Too fatal---the cause of your pains;
"For when he his image had seen,
"Alas! he beheld it in chains.

"So wretches may twitter and sing,
"May plume their gay feathers like he,
"May wanton, and flutter the wing,
"And fancy themselves to be free;

"But, alas! should the mirror descry
"A sensation we never can brave,
"The stoutest will sicken and die
"When reflection proclaims him a slave."

L.

TO A GENTLEMAN

Who is much addicted to Swearing.

I SHOULD think, Mr. R----, since so often you swear,
You're convinc'd that religion's a bite;
And, if call'd to defend what no doubt you commend,
You'd convince us that swearing was right.

Should not this be the case, I declare to your face
I could wish you a little more cool;
Lest some one should be still severer than me,
And plainly proclaim you a fool.

SOLUTION

SOLUTION OF THE ENIGMA

WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST.

Writing Paper.

NEW CHARADES.

Addressed to a young Lady who was fond of adorning her Person with Diamonds.

AH! wherefore, Louisa, adorn
With the gems of Golconda's rich mine?
When my First is observ'd on the thorn,
Say, does it not equally shine?

And when 'tis empearl'd on the rose,
It resembles the drop on thy cheek,
Which from sympathy frequently flows,
And misfortune may always bespeak.

My Second's a globulous form,
Which is sometimes attach'd to a ring;
My Whole is destroy'd by a storm,
And exists but in summer or spring.

CHARADE II.

MY First's a support and sustainer,
My Second's a motion or steed;
My Whole is the pocket's detainer,
Tho' frequently acting from need.

CHARADE III.

MY First is a musical measure,
My Second's the profits of trade;
Connected you'll find me at leisure,
Too often repented when made.

ACROSTIC

ACROSTIC.

O ver-rul'd by my Muse, I have tortur'd my brain
A n Acrostic to write to my fair, but in vain;
T he gods disallow that such merit as her's,
L ovely nymph as she is, should be bandied in verse:
A dieu, then, my Muse, since in anger they swear
N either poet nor verses her name shall declare;
D isobey them no more, since my verse as it glides
S hows plainly the place where fair Kitty resides.

Correspondence, &c.

H. E.'s *Epigram has been committed to the flames, as a dull piece of obscenity and impiety.*

All that we can say to Pacan, *or* Paean, *is, that his Verses are not approved of.*

It cannot be the Editor's *wish, or his interest, but must be contrary to both, to refuse admission to any communications that are calculated either to amuse or instruct his Fair Readers; but in the many cases wherein he is led, after a due exercise of judgment, to consider articles as not correct enough in composition, or too trivial in their import, for publication, he must stand excused from entering into any* literary correspondence with the writers, *to explain the particular grounds of rejection.*

Delius *may* address *us as he desires.*

It is requested that the communications alluded to in Delius's *postscript may be shorter than* The Temple of S——.

It is impossible for us to promise insertion to any article before it has been received and perused.

The Death of Jane *was received too late for the present Number.*

BRITISH MUSEUM
3
49
OCT

Engd by Mackenzie, from a Drawg by The Revd T. Thomas.

Mrs Griffith.

Published Sep.r 1.1801. by Vernor & Hood, Poultry.